

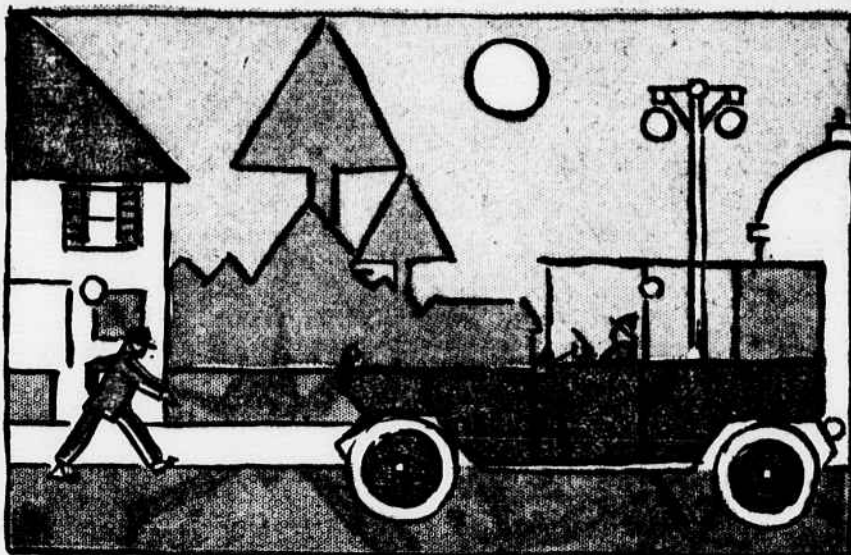
LEARN TO DRAW

so you can make little pictures of your own to color like the INVISIBLE pictures are colored in this book. Read carefully the following instructions and you will quickly see how your Art teacher has drawn the objects suggested here.

DRAWING is simply marking with a pencil, chalk or crayon on paper or your blackboard, or any given surface, the positions, shapes and size of the objects you see, or the things you think about and like to draw, by using lines, angles and curves.

Lesson 16

In using the lines, angles and curves of the simple shapes—A, Circle; B, Square, and C, Triangle, as we have done in the picture here, you can see how easy it is to make or imitate the simple shapes of almost anything you wish. For example, with pencil and paper to draw a few objects; a house, a tree, or the automobile; remember the circle, square and triangle while you draw, and notice the lines, angles and curves of each as you make your picture. Next week I will tell you of two kinds of drawing.



Editor's Note to Parents:

Every child loves to draw, and the lessons contained in this book are intended to give the little ones an understanding of the few simple shapes that are used in the construction of all pictures; and to teach them to look for these shapes in the objects they are always trying to make pictures of. Drawing without a knowledge of what they see, results in simply copying, and teaches them very little. The lessons will advance each week, and if kept in a scrapbook with their drawings, will be of value to them as they progress.

LARRY HUDSON'S AMBITION

By James Otis

CHAPTER V

"**L**ARRY HUDSON," repeated the deacon. "Of course you live here in the city?"

"Yes, I sorter hang 'round."

"Don't you have any business?"

"Oh, yes; I shine for a livin'. Sometimes I get it, an' sometimes I don't."

"You do what?"

"Shine—black boots, you know. Didn't you say you had the old woman an' another of the kids with you?"

"Bless my heart, I'd almost forgotten about mother, an' there's no knowin' whether she stayed where I left her or not. What with losin' my money, an' gettin' into a row with them pesky boys, I'm kind'er mixed up. It went out of my mind for a minute that mother must be got home somehow, which is where the rest of us ought to be, though I declare I don't know how it's to be done. S'pose you come along with us, unless you're in a hurry."

"There ain't any rope tied to me this afternoon. Business was dull, an' I knocked off work quite a spell ago."

"Then you haven't got anything to do the balance of the day?"

"It don't look like it. I can't kick agin knockin' 'round on a day like this. I had a pretty fair trade in the mornin', and can afford to lay still a spell, I reckon."

"Do you live anywhere hereabouts?"

"Me an' another feller are swellin' in a room up on Mulberry Street this week; but unless trade grows better, I reckon we'll have to snoop 'round the streets for a place to sleep pretty soon."

"Do you mean to say you haven't any home?" and the deacon looked at Larry in astonishment.

"Do you think if I had one I'd be hangin' 'round here now?"

"Where are your folks?"

"Mother's dead, an' father's down on the Island doin' time."

"Doin' what?"

"Doin' time—arrested, you know, an' sentenced for six months."

"What had he been up to?"

"Boozin'; he's what you call a chronic drunkard, but he don't bother me, an' you can bet I let him alone."

"You seem to be a real decent sort of a boy to have a drunkard for a father."

"It ain't any sign 'cause the old man goes wrong that I have to," Larry replied, stoutly. "Why did you want to know if I had anything to do the balance of the day?"

"I was thinkin', I'd hire you to show us 'round—I declare I forgot jest for the minute that I hadn't anything to hire you with. Well, we'll get along an' find mother. You're comin'?"

"Sure; I'll hang by you a spell longer, for them duffers ain't so far off but what they'll tackle you agin if they see me leave. Better get a move on, or the old woman may be gone."

Thus admonished, the deacon walked rapidly in the direction from which he had come, and Larry took charge of the two boys, who already looked upon him as a hero.

"What's the old man's name?" Larry asked, suddenly.

"Eli Doak, an' he's a deacon of the First Baptist Church, in Canton."

"Got a big farm?"

"There ain't any up our way that can beat the Herdsdale," Joe replied, proudly.

"Is he your father?"

"Yes, an' he's jest the same as Ned's, too, though he's only Ned's uncle."

The conversation was interrupted at this point, as Deacon Doak paused in front of the doorway where his wife, who had been exhibiting every symptom of nervousness and alarm, greeted him with an exclamation of joy.

"But how are we to get to Canton, father?"

"I declare for it, Mercy, I haven't had time yet to figger that out. We'll jog along toward the depot, an' try to work it in some way, if it so be we can."

"Look here, mister," Larry said, in a hoarse whisper, as he glanced furtively over his shoulder to make certain neither Aunt Mercy nor Nellie could overhear the conversation, "you're in kind of a tight box about money, an' no mistake."

"I reckon you're right, my boy. Even if I am green I don't need anybody to explain to me that I'm a stranger in a strange land, an' broke at that."

"How much does it cost to get you an' your family out to the farm in fair style?"

"Eighty-five cents apiece."

"How much does that figger?"

"Four dollars an' a quarter."

"Well, see here, deacon. I ain't what you might call a millionaire, but I've got three dollars, an' it won't take me more'n five minutes to raise the rest from some of the fellers what are workin' 'round here."

"It seems kind'er ridiculous for a man of my years to be borrowin' from

a boy like you, who looks as if he hadn't a cent to bless himself with; but I'm in what you might call a pretty desperate situation jest now, an' willin' to do most anything that's honest."

"You wait right here. I guess we can fix this thing up mighty quick."

Ten minutes later Larry returned, marching toward the visitors from Canton with a businesslike air, and announcing the result of his efforts by saying curtly: "She's fixed, deacon—it's all right!" Then, turning to the boys, he added: "If you fellers want to see anything of the Fourth of July you'd better go up to the park. I allowed your father'd be willin' to stand the treat even if he had been robbed, so I got more money than was needed for the tickets. My partner happened to be pretty well fixed, an' let me have three dollars, if I'd pay him back next week."

"I'm afraid father won't want us to go anywhere except straight to the depot."

"I'll tend to that part of it," Larry replied, decidedly, and motioning the deacon from Aunt Mercy's side once more, he pressed into his hand a small roll of bills, as he whispered:

"There's five dollars, an' now you'd better let me show you the way up to the park. There's no call to go home before night, I don't s'pose?"

"I did think that the sooner we got out of this wicked city the better," the deacon replied, thoughtfully.



"You wait right here. I guess we can fix this thing up mighty quick."

"It strikes me you oughter see what you can, now you're here. I'll take care of your crowd till the train goes home, so you won't get into any more scrapes. We'll take the elevated road, an' go right to the park. It won't be sich a terrible walk from there down to Forty-second street."

"When I left home you couldn't have persuaded me to give myself up to the care of a boy no bigger than you are; but, after what has happened, I guess I'll be safer in doin' it than if I try to hustle 'round alone. It'll cost considerable to ride in them cars, won't it?"

"I guess it won't break you, if you've got the best farm in your section of the country, same as the kids say you have; an' seein's how you come down here to celebrate, there's no use cryin' baby jest 'cause you lost a little money. Keep your upper lip stiff, an' it won't be a great while before you'll forget what's happened today."

"If I should live to the age of Methuselah I don't think it would ever be possible for me to forget this day's carryin' on, my boy. We'll go to the park, an' do jest as you tell us 'twixt now an' the time the train leaves for Canton."

(Continued)